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PREVENTIVE DISCIPLINE.—No. XIII.

[Continued from page 260.]

It will be recollected, that we consider industry the basis of preventive discipline in school, and our object has been, in the last number or two, to show in what manner the teacher may keep his pupils employed all the time. We have proposed that the child should be taught to print the alphabet when he is learning the names and powers of the letters. We have shown how he may be taught to write a good hand at a very early age, and having shown, in the last number, that the common method of teaching English Grammar fails to make the pupil acquainted with the use of the English language, we now proceed to show how the teacher may proceed to effect the double object of teaching the use of words and keeping the children usefully employed, and, of course, out of mischief, at the same time.

As soon as the child has learned to print the alphabet, he should begin to write short monosyllables, and when he has become familiar with these, he may be told how to put them into sentences. Until he has learned to write, he must print these words; but, as soon as he has learned the writing characters, his progress will be greatly accelerated. Every word of the spelling lesson should be written on the slate or black-board; and this writing of the words may be considered *studying* rather than *reciting* the lesson. No teacher needs to be told how important is the writing of words to fix the orthography of them in the mind of the child. The custom has been to set the spelling lesson, and require the children to spell it over to themselves, one or more times, before they are called

on to spell aloud in turn. The shocking condition, not only of our scholars, but of our teachers, not one in twenty of whom can bear a good examination in this elementary branch, must satisfy every one that something is wrong, and this something is, the neglect of calling the eye and the hand to aid the ear in fixing the letters of a word upon the mind.

The exercise of writing the spelling lesson may be performed in various ways, one or two of which we shall describe as briefly as the nature of this Journal allows, and for further details we must refer the teacher to our little work before mentioned. If the pupils are provided with slates, and these are ruled, as we have recommended, the teacher, or some competent pupil, may write all the words on the ruled black-board, and require the children to copy them, the exercise being one in penmanship as well as in spelling. Perhaps, at first, this is the best method; for, it is desirable to have a good hand-writing formed early, that no bad habits may have to be corrected. The larger classes, who know how to write, may be taught in a more expeditious manner. If there be three classes, spelling different lessons, let the teacher, if not otherwise engaged, or a monitor, with the book in hand, dictate the first word of their lesson to the first class; the first word of theirs to the second class; and then, the first word of theirs to the third. Let him pronounce the word, then let the class pronounce it; let him spell syllable by syllable, they pronouncing after him, and then writing immediately. By the time he has dictated the word to the third class, the first is ready to receive another, which is given as before. Then one is given to the other classes in turn, and this course is kept up till all the words are written, or, which is a better way, until the slate is filled, and examined. This examination may be made by the teacher or monitor, or, which is preferable, by the class themselves.

If the class is composed of ten children, or can be divided into divisions of ten each, they may stand, and at a signal, each may give his slate to his right hand neighbor. Each then examines his neighbor's slate, and marks the words that are misspelled, or that he supposes to be misspelled. Then, at another signal, each passes the slate he holds to his right hand neighbor again. The slates are all examined again, then passed again and again, until each slate comes to its owner. In this way few errors will escape detection, but it is easy for the monitor to stand behind one of the writers and see every slate as it passess. Every child in this way writes every word once, and examines every one ten times. The whole work may be performed in silence, by the monitor's dictating in a whisper, and directing the examination by signs; or the

pupils may write the words from their spelling books. When slates are to be examined, the best way is to let the scholars of one row face those of the row behind them, and then five pass to the five who face them, but this must depend upon the arrangement of desks and classes.

In fact, the examination is not so essential that it can not be omitted, for the exercise is study, and not recitation, and once writing the words will be of great service, though the examination of the slates of others, with a view to discovering errors, will make the children more critical, and give them far more practice.

If the class is very young, they may be taught to write simple *sentences* from dictation. For instance, the teacher may say to a class that would otherwise be idle, "write h, e, he | i, s, is | a | b, a, d, bad | b, o, y, boy | i, f, if | h, e, he | i, e, s, lies," or something else that they can comprehend. A class more advanced may be told to write a sentence without being spelled. A still older class may form a sentence of their own, or may form one introducing some word of their lesson, or each word of it in order. This must certainly be required of the oldest scholars; for every word of the Spelling book may be introduced into a sentence by the aid of a dictionary. Our children can go to school ten or twelve years, and in this time, what an amount of such work may be done, if the teacher knows his duty.

But, if the teacher cannot find time to dictate sentences, and cannot train a monitor to do it, he may require the children to copy the spelling or reading lessons. This, even, if the words or sentences are never corrected by the teacher, will be of great service to the pupil, for, though he may spell a word wrong once, he will hardly do so a second time. Such copying must, however, be well written, and if possible, corrected. The series of exercises that we have prepared as a Companion to Spelling Books, will come to the aid of the teacher now, for he can require a child to write the lessons on paper, and give them to him, to be corrected by himself, or by some of the pupils. No dictation is necessary, and the correction needs not to be made at the time of writing. As the sentences are all grammatical and instructive, showing the correct use, and explaining the proper meaning of many thousand words, the book is a great help to composition, and as the teacher is not required to stand over the writer, it is an effectual aid to discipline when the teacher's back is turned.

Another way to engage the young pupil in writing English, is to tell him a story, and require him to write it in his own words. Very young children shrink from set composition, but if the ideas are furnished, they are generally very glad to

try their skill in clothing them with words. We have lately given a few such stories in this Journal, and have on hand thousands that we prepared or selected for our little pupils during the course of twenty years. We preferred original stories, because they were equally new to all, and, when we selected, some one of the class would be sure to know where they could be found, and then copy them.

But we believe it to be as much the duty of a teacher to teach his pupils how to converse as how to write correctly, and one of the best exercises in the world, is one which is seldom attempted by teachers, and which would probably be frowned upon by most school committees. We would have the teacher sit down familiarly with his little pupils, and converse with them upon some subject of study, or duty, or conduct, encouraging them to express their thoughts freely, and drawing out their ideas and opinions, and correcting or enlarging them as he may see occasion; and then, when they are thus prepared, he should require them to write all they could recollect of the conversation, and the remarks and opinions, as correctly as they can, on the slate, or on paper. In these and a thousand other ways, the writing of English may be encouraged; and, by the time a child arrives at the age when they are generally allowed to perpetrate what is called English Grammar, the work is in a great measure done, a correct habit of speaking and writing is formed, and if the child never sees a grammar book, he is far better off than ninety-nine in a hundred, who have been drilled in them for years.

THE HEART AND THE PURSE; OR THE RISE AND DOWNFALL
OF THOMAS GOLDIE.

(BY J. B. SYME.)

THAT WAS a proud day for Mrs. Goldie on which she dedicated her sons to Apollo. She adjusted her muslin cap, pushed her feet more firmly into her slippers, pinned her striped short-gown more jauntily on her person, and, having washed the faces and trimmed the long fair locks of her boy-treasures, she walked forth in triumph, leading one in each hand, towards the humble village school. We have not deified learning in our Scottish Bæotia, and consequently its temples *ex urbis* are destitute of marble and monuments. Our little village seminaries are generally as accessible to the natural elements as to the elements of erudition; and the one to which Mrs. Goldie

wended her way was no exception to this open rule. It certainly was not an imposing edifice, although some of the refractory rate-payers of Timberton had declared its erection to be an imposition. It was not a beautiful edifice, either, and yet all the wisdom and genius of Timberton had sat in solemn conclave for thirteen successive Saturday evenings, debating its extent and style. Bailie Cracklins, who was a man of expansive dimensions, and of ardent genius, over a bowl of toddy, had insisted that it should at least "be a roomy biggin'." Captain Tupps of the locals, who had just cut a hundred fir-trees from his property of Bleaklaw, thought it should be a "timmer biggin'"; and Elder Dale, who was treasurer to the session, had insisted it should be an "economical job a' thegither;" so that eventually it was built of fir and freestone, at an expense of twenty pounds sterling, twenty-five per cent. of that sum being due to Mrs. Clinkstoup, at the sign of the horse-shoe, where the committee had duly deliberated.

If the community of Timberton had done little to render the school-house attractive, he who taught the school seemed to have caught a different spirit. Grim walls, rough benches, and thatched roof, were all that the liberal patrons of education in Timberton dedicated to learning. It was a great "sacrifices," they declared, and disinterested people inferred from this that the incumbent would have dry patronage. The little school, however, had been built upon a plot of land where dandelions and wild daisies declared that something else could grow, and where the wild briar seemed willing to give up its place to the cultivated rose. "It is grim enough, surely," muttered the young teacher, in a disappointed tone, when he first came to look upon the place of his future labors; and then a smile overspread his face, for he felt that *he* could make it better.

Mr. Allerton, the schoolmaster, was not a member of the rusty dominé family. He was not a pedant, and he did not take snuff. He did not dress above his station, for his salary of seventeen pounds a year protested against such folly, and Mr. Allerton wisely obeyed its voice. He was always genteel and neat in his attire, however, and nobody could have discovered in him the distinctive marks of a profession. He was tall, thin, and pale, and had a slight stoop in his shoulders. His eyes were deep blue, and mild as those of a dove. His features were delicate and finely chiselled, and a look of sweet resignation pervaded his whole countenance. It had been often said that Mr. Allerton was a splendid scholar, and a man of splendid talents,—that he had borne away the palm from all competitors at college, and that he had retired to the obscure seminary at Timberton to conceal some grief. Nobody could

confirm these rumors, but everybody could affirm that Mr. Allerton had "queer ways o' his ain." Allerton was not a vulgar systemist or mere mimic of modes; he had a theory of education which he called the theory of attraction, and his manner of developing his idea seemed queer or strange to those satisfied laggards, who perceived his labors without seeking to comprehend them. "All that pertains to education should be beautiful in the eyes of the scholar," he said, "and then you may depend upon it that the teacher's shall be a labor of love."

Beauty attracts all hearts towards it in love, and love impels all spirits to knowledge. A beautiful school-garden, and a beautiful school-house, are better auxiliaries to an instructor than ten committees of instructors; and so, in accordance with these ideas, flowers, and trees, and beehives, and handsome fences, soon grew up and surrounded the grim school-house of Timberton, until it became a sweet monument of Mr. Allerton's mind and labors. Mrs. Goldie led her sons towards the porch of this little school with more of pride in her heart than hope; she was a mother, and although she was not a Cornelia, the feeling was very natural even to her. "I've brocht my twa callants to be edicawted, Mr. Allerton," said the good dame, in a patronizing tone, as the school-master bowed to her. "Do ye think ye can mak' onything o' them?"

The school-master smiled, and hoped that their mother had already made something of them.

"Oh! atweel they are callants o' gude pairts," exclaimed the garrulous parent; "and if I had hain time, they might have kent their letters and the carritch by this time. But ye maun just do your best wi' them, sir, and I am sure they'll no shame ye. I can say for Tammass, here," said she, pointing to the oldest of her boys, "that he is baith thoctfu' and wise. He can bargain wi' the cadgers better than I can do, that's his mither; and he hauds a steever grip o' ony bawbees that he gets his hands owre than ony ane in 'Timberton. Davie, here, is mair careless, I maun say, and no at a' likely to rise in the world. He likes better to be stravaig in the woods, and doon by the burn, and o'er the fells o' Blackford, and to bring hame fir-taps, and fox-gloves, and gowans. Aye," said she with a sigh, "ye'll hae to look weel after Davie."

Thomas and David Goldie were entered scholars of the good seminary of Timberton, and Mrs. Goldie henceforth became a patroness and critic of education. The sons of Mrs. Goldie by and by became the objects of Mr. Allerton's particular notice; the one from the original tendencies of his sunny nature, the other from a disposition which was markedly its

opposite. Davie, the careless and erratic truant from his mother's cottage, became the devoted and delighted student in Allerton's school and garden. He cultivated the little flowers, and trained the little plants, because he loved their beautiful smiles; he eagerly bent over his books to acquire knowledge, because his teacher told him that books explained the nature of all known things, and consequently of flowers. David Goldie had a soul full of beauty and love, which the keen-sighted Allerton had not been slow to perceive, and which he had the genius to direct and develope. The boy, in time, became the friend and companion of his teacher,—David Goldie exchanging fresh and joyous throbbings of feeling with him who gave him knowledge in return.

The spirit of Thomas Goldie was cast in an entirely different mould from that of his brother. It appeared to have been formed according to mathematical calculation, and to have retained the original idea of its being. In general learning Thomas made very little progress, but he distanced all his cotemporaries in arithmetic. Simple interest, compound addition, and the rule of three, were familiar to his mind long before he had learned to repeat the beautiful little precepts contained in Watts's Catechism. He reduced this active faculty of his nature to active practice among his school compeers, and taught them the mysteries of the loan system with marbles and cherry-stones. In his early youth he was remarkable for his calculative and acquisitive character; and old chroniclers and every-day experience will have it that "the boy is the father of the man."

When Thomas and David Goldie reached those years in which the path of life is generally chosen, the former gladly repaired to the city to study commerce in a draper's shop; the latter preferred to stay at home and become a horticulturist. "I shall rise in the world," was the dream of the ambitious Thomas. "I shall make the world more beautiful before I die," was David's secret aspiration. "I shall accumulate wealth and win the homage of men," was written on the heart of the elder youth, as the purpose of his life. "I shall strive to increase the dominion of the beautiful and the harmony of men," said his brother.

"I pity Thomas," David would exclaim, as he looked at his brother's careworn face and anxious eye, and saw him eagerly return to his business, from the short and fretful visit which he annually paid to his old home. "He would have been happier here in Timberton, if he could have thought so, than even in great London with all its wealth."

"Poor David," the merchant would say, as he left the rural

scenes of his birth-place behind him. "I pity him that he can be contented with his rude obscurity."

Poor old Timberton, with its straw-roofed cottages, and flower gardens, and humble hearts, and lowly hearths; its bridge and church, and school and sages, and garrulous dames, and grey-haired patriarchs, faded from the vision of the millionaire, like misty dreams, as deeper flowed his streams of gold, until not a recollection of it remained. The sweetest visions of life and the fondest throbbings of love vanished from the eyes and forsook the heart of Thomas Goldie, and gave place to the splendid misery of a false position, won by falsely acquired gold. High up, above all amongst whom he had been born and bred, and schooled to life, did he tower, until at last he glittered like some golden vane, above the host of society, whom all might look up at but none approach.

Fortune and time, these inexorable rulers of destiny, who laugh at the schemes of man and scatter to the wind their glories, suddenly grew tired of showering favors upon their worshipper, and they covered their faces with a veil that threw a gloom over the speculative world. Men that had walked abroad in the sunshine with haughty looks and stately steps, now suddenly became pale, and feverish, and timid. They flitted about on 'Change, like troubled spirits, muttering incoherently and whispering dark mysteries in each other's ears. The bubble at last had burst; the golden pageant was vanishing. The Spring tide had reached its height, and now came the ebb. The panorama of fortune had at length slowly changed, and the confidence of its glory gave place to the fever of its despair. Wealth waned away like the wintry moon, and left darkness and coldness behind it. Thomas Goldie became a bankrupt, and, at a meeting of his creditors, charge upon charge was made of trust betrayed and money falsely obtained. This exposure of the malpractices by which he had risen to wealth, and the shock of his sudden downfall, were too dreadful to be borne by a mind so unprepared as that of Thomas Goldie, and he gazed round upon his accusers with a vacancy of expression, which indicated that reason as well as honor had departed.

About a week after this scene, a man with an open brow and an air of rustic integrity beaming in his sad face, took the ruined maniac back in sorrow to his native home. David Goldie leads his brother out amongst the scenes of his early youth, and tries to teach him to love the little flowers. He does not look at any of them, however, save the yellow dandelions and butter-cups; and then he mutters "Gold, gold." Corrupted and debased by a false ambition, Thomas Goldie

pursued the purpose of his life to infamy and madness. His brother, on the other hand, with scarcely any selfish desires, had obtained, from year to year, what he esteemed a surcharge of blessings. Knowledge and beauty had grown on his faculties, and success had smiled on the labor of his hands. A home of love, where young plants of humanity danced joyously in the sunbeams, and where they answered back the song of the thrush, was his ; and a garden, in which he cultivated trees, and shrubs, and flowers, was the source from whence he derived his daily happiness, and his daily bread. The wealth that costs a man his peace of mind, his human heart, and memories of love, is like the fabled gold for which men sold their souls, and which turned to stones in their coffers. Honest industry may not gain opulence ; but it will assuredly produce what is better,—health and peace of mind.—*Christian Citizen.*

SCHOOLS FOR ADULTS.

[In our last number we gave some account of a school of this class in the city of Providence, R. I., and we now give the remainder of the valuable letter of Mr. Stone, from which that description was taken.]

“ To Louisville, Ky., so far as I know, belongs the honor of establishing public or free evening schools. They were begun in that city about fifteen years ago, and, as I understand, are embraced in the general school system. Five schools of this description are now in operation. They are kept four months, beginning the first Monday of November, and are taught by teachers of the public day schools, who are allowed sixty dollars by the city council, and are permitted to receive two dollars for the session from such pupils as can afford to pay. The schools have from twenty to twenty-five pupils each, mostly young mechanics, who are unable to attend school during the day. The branches taught comprise the ordinary English studies. The schools are represented as valuable auxiliaries to popular education.

Evening schools were established in Cincinnati, Ohio, about 1841. They were opened for such boys as were forced to work during the day, (mostly apprentices and children of poor people,) and are supported from the common school fund. The common English branches are taught. There are five schools, under the charge of nine teachers. The expense of tuition the past year, was \$592 25. The whole number of

pupils, 446, are engaged in 84 different employments. The schools are conducted like the day schools, and have thus far worked well. The committee in their annual report say, they "have not limited the scholars by number or age; they have refused the advantages of these schools to none who were willing to attend, and anxious to be instructed. The ages of pupils range from 9 to 32 years. No provision appears to have been made for females. This is a material defect, for, in a city of not less than 100,000 inhabitants, there must be hundreds of females as deficient in their education as are the males for whom the schools have been opened.

There are fifteen evening schools in the city of New York,—eleven for males, and four for females. Thirty-six teachers are employed, at an expense of \$8,900. Pupils registered, 3,032 males, 1,278 females, making an aggregate of 5,110. Whole number in attendance, 3,266—males, 2,414, females 852. These schools constitute a part of the city school system, and are supported from the public treasury. The committee report, that "all these schools are well organized, and most of them attended by as many pupils as the school rooms will accommodate, and the teachers employed can well attend to." They recommend an enlargement of the accommodations to meet the increasing want. The happiest results, they believe, "will attend the opening of evening schools for females. The four that have been organized are numerously attended by a worthy and deserving class of young ladies, who are in most cases employed during the day at some trade or occupation by which they gain an honest livelihood.—They are of the class who need the benefits afforded them, and all seem to take a deep interest in their studies." The committee add, "that so far as their observation extends, (and they have taken special pains to inform themselves of the fact, having visited these schools every evening since they have been opened,) none of the evils that many apprehended before the evening schools for females were commenced, are likely to result from their establishment."

For twelve years past, an evening school has been in successful operation in Boston, in connection with the Warren-street Chapel, under the charge of Rev. C. F. Barnard. It is sustained by voluntary contributions of friends, and the gratuitous services of teachers. It is open two evenings in the week for boys, and two for girls. The last annual report shows 140 in the male department, and 150 in the female. Two thirds of the pupils are foreigners. About one half of the whole number are Catholics.

In 1846, an evening school was opened in Boston, for adults, under the direction of an association. The city government

gave the gratuitous use of their school rooms. The expense of fuel, lights, stationery, &c., is defrayed by a small tuition fee, and the contributions of the friends of adult education. The results have afforded satisfactory evidence to the friends of the movement, that, with moderate pecuniary aid, their plan will prove an immense blessing to the uneducated classes.

In Lowell, Mass., an evening school is kept five months in the year. This school, in its general features, resembles our own. Like ours, it is connected with the ministry at large in that city, and is under the supervision of Rev. Horatio Wood, assisted by seventeen teachers, whose services are gratuitous. Of 180 who joined the school last year, 100 were females. No limit is imposed upon age. Twenty-three pupils were adults. Most of the pupils work in the mills. This school has been very successful.

In the winter of 1847, an evening school was opened in Salem, Mass., under the direction of Mr. John Ball, assisted by twenty-six teachers. The school contains 341 pupils. It is kept two evenings in the week for males, and three for females. It is opened by reading the Scriptures, and a short devotional exercise. At recess, and at other intervals, singing is introduced, and select passages of Scripture are repeated by the pupils. Frequent addresses are made to them by the superintendent,—all designed to leave a strong moral impression. This school embraces some of the features of a Sabbath school. As no restriction is placed upon applicants, the ages of pupils vary from 11 to 32 years. Most of them are apprentices, domestics and operatives in factories, ropewalks, &c. Some of them are colored, and a portion of them foreigners. The expenses of the school are defrayed by private subscription. The services of the teachers are gratuitous. This is a highly meritorious school, and has secured the warm sympathies of the citizens of Salem.

Two evening schools have been recently opened in New Bedford, Massachusetts, one for males and the other for females. There are about 100 pupils in each, two thirds of them being colored. The schools are organized upon the same plan as the regular public schools, and the city has appropriated \$600 for their support. A portion of the teachers are paid, the residue labor gratuitously. The schools are kept four evenings in the week. Adults are received, and none under 12 years of age are permitted to enter. The common English branches only are taught. The interest among the pupils, colored as well as white, is healthy and inspiring. The sympathy and interest of the citizens in this movement is very great. Thus far the plan has succeeded admirably.

THE SABBATH.

THE institution of the Sabbath, whether regarded as of human policy or divine sanction, is one of the most beautiful and blessed inheritances of man. It has a divinity in its adaption to the material necessities of the race, as a day of rest on which to refresh and recreate the wearied energies of the body; but its higher divinity lies in the divorce it brings to the spirit from the pursuit and care of temporal and corrupting things, leading it to a clearer and nearer contemplation of God, its relations to the immaterial, and its destiny beyond this fleeting life. Its periodical frequency grasps the soul in firm bonds, and hemming it round with associations in unison with its acknowledged sacredness, has done more to discipline the mind, and purify the heart of society, than all the problems of proud and shifting philosophy put together.

Like the sublime lessons of Christ, the Sabbath contains the profoundest proofs of its origin in the wisdom and goodness of God, in its common acceptance by man, and the fulness of satisfaction it gives to his body and soul longings. Between nations and races who observe, and those who do not observe the Sabbath, there is drawn a line, on the opposite borders of which, alike, rest the evidences of its beauty and beneficence. On the side of the Sabbath, are civilization, intelligence, industry, art, science, peace and prosperity,—man elevated truly and nobly in the image of God. On the other side, are barbarism, ignorance, superstition, war and misery,—man degraded from the image of God.

The Sabbath is not arbitrary or conventional. The more intelligently it is observed, the more necessary, harmonious and beautiful it appears; and its temporal economy, however great, becomes secondary and insignificant contrasted with its spiritual. Let any man; let any philosopher contemplate the obliteration of the Sabbath, and see what a picture society must soon present. Philosophy tried the experiment once, with one of the most intelligent and philosophic of nations, and the result of the trial taught the world that man, cut loose from the Sabbath, was cut loose from God. It is by the acceptance and true appreciation of the blessings God has given to man,—and the Sabbath is as manifestly one as is the air or light of heaven,—that man comes into close and fraternal communion with God himself.

Atheism itself, denying God, has, through its highest apostles, eulogized the institution of the Sabbath, and confessed that human wisdom could not conceive of a more beautiful ordination. But we need not the eulogy, nor the admissions

of Atheism. As members of a Christian community, we have all witnessed and felt the influence of the Sabbath; we have grown up, shaped and governed by its associations and suggestions, until it has become interwoven with the deepest thoughts and affections of our lives.—*N. Y. Sun.*

"KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE."

BY A. DUGANNE.

"Keep it before the people!"
That the earth was made for man;
That flowers were strown,
And fruits were grown
To bless, and never to ban;
That sun and rain,
And corn and grain,
Are yours and mine, my brother,—
Free gifts from Heaven,
And freely given
To one as well as another.

"Keep it before the people!"
That man is the image of God,
Whose limbs and soul
Ye may not control
With shackle, or shame, or rod!
We may not be sold
For silver or gold,
Neither you nor I, my brother,—
For freedom was given,
By God from Heaven,
To one as well as another.

"Keep it before the people!"
That famine, and crime, and woe,
Forever abide
Still side by side
With luxury's dazzling show;
That Lazarus crawls
From Dives' halls,
And starves at his gate, my brother;
Yet life was given
By God from Heaven,
To one as well as another.

"Keep it before the people!"
That the laborer claims his meed,—
The right of soil
And the right to toil,
From spur and bridle freed;—
The right to bear,
And the right to share,
With you and me, my brother,
Whatever is given
By God from Heaven,
To one as well as another.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

[See No. XVI. and previous numbers]

THE MONKEY AND THE TELESCOPE.

The monkey of a celebrated astronomer, having seen him continually looking through his telescope, concluded that there must be something delightful in it, and, one day he gazed through it a long time, but seeing nothing, he concluded that his master was a fool, and the telescope all nonsense, and he told Rover, the dog, what he thought of his master. "I don't know the use of a telescope, nor how wise our master may be," said the dog, "but I am satisfied of two things." "What are they?" said the monkey. "First," said the dog, "that telescopes were not made for monkeys to look through;" and second, "That monkeys were not made to look through telescopes."

SINGING SCHOOLS.

"What is the use of singing and music?" said a little girl to her mother. "You do not like it, then?" said her mother. "No," said the child. "We are apt," said the mother, "to think there is no use in what we do not like." "Well," said the child, "what is the use of music, mother? There is some use in paintings, because every body likes to see handsome pictures." "Do you think the blind are particularly pleased with paintings?" said the mother. "I did not think of them," said the child. "They would prefer music," said the mother. "Pray what were your eyes made for?" "To see with," said the child. "And your ears?" "To hear with," said she. "To hear what?" "Why, what pleases me, I suppose." "But, if you could only hear what pleases you, how would you avoid any danger that you heard coming?" "Mother," said the child, "I have no bump for music, and can never learn it." "You have a bump, as you call it, though perhaps a small one," said the mother, "but, if small, there is the more need of cultivating it." "Will it grow?" said the child. "Indeed it will," said the mother, "and if you think you must not exercise it because it is small, you never must try to become rich, because you have little or no property now."

THE MAGGOT.

As a little boy cracked a large chestnut, he found that it was occupied by a fat, white worm. "I wish," said the boy, "the worms would let chestnuts alone! What business have the nasty things to get into my food? If I had my will,

there should never be another worm." "Do you hear what the worm says to you?" said the boy's sister. "No," said the boy, "can he talk?" "I think I heard him say," said the sister, "I wish the boys would let my chestnuts alone. What business have the nasty things to break into my house, and ruin my repose, when they have such large and beautiful houses of their own? If I had my will, there should never be another boy." "He did not say so," said the boy, "you made it all yourself." "No matter," said his sister, "he thought so, and if he is dumb, you ought to be the more anxious not to hurt his feelings."

WRITING BY THE BLIND.—We had the pleasure of seeing and testing yesterday a new and very simple apparatus, made for the purpose of assisting blind persons in the process of writing.

Many expedients have been tried, but the complex nature, bulk, and costliness of almost every invention looking to the accomplishment of this desideratum, together with their liability to derangement, have made caligraphy one of the most difficult branches of the system of education adopted. Blind persons can never tell, when using any of the inventions most in use, whether the letter is properly formed, and for the purpose of securing regularity in the lines, and in the distances of words from each other, expedients are resorted to which while they are uncertain in their operation, and wasteful of space, require also, much time for their proper application.

The invention to which we now draw attention is a flat board, somewhat larger than a half sheet of foolscap, covered by chamois leather drawn tightly over it. Two catches are placed at one end to receive and hold immovably an edge of a thin brass plate cut into small squares, at equal distances, the number of perforations being somewhat more than a thousand. When brought into use, a sheet of paper is placed on the leather; over it the brass plate is laid, and the writer, by the aid of a pencil, pen, or bold steel point, marks in the squares the letters, the difference in words being secured by passing a square and commencing the new word in the next one. The process is so simple, and the perforated plate is so effectual a guide, that the writer can not go wrong, and his manuscript has not only a fair and regular appearance, such as it is almost impossible to gain by any other process, but he is enabled to get a great deal more upon a single sheet than formerly.

This valuable apparatus is the result of the thought and ingenuity of Mr. Thomas S. Martin, the principal teacher in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, and

he has presented it to the directors, who have accepted the gift and caused it to be introduced into the Institution. This example, it is confidently believed, will be imitated by the Institutions in New York, Boston, Indianapolis, and elsewhere.

The advantages, it seems, are,—first, in enabling the blind to print on paper by means of a steel point, for the blind to read; secondly, in the facility it offers for writing with a pencil on common paper for seeing—persons to read; and lastly in the impossibility of deranging it, or of its soon wearing out.


Mr. Martin has thus given a boon to the blind, the value of which cannot be estimated; and to make the invention perfect, he has adopted an angular alphabet, which any one can read, while it enables the blind almost entirely to follow the fixed lines of the perforation in which the letter is made. Those of the afflicted who have used it, we learn, speak in the highest terms of it, and Mr. Martin deserves great praise not only for the invention, but for generously refraining from deriving any pecuniary benefit from it.—*Phila. U. S. Gazette.*

A TENDER CONSCIENCE.—A parish priest was sent for to attend the death-bed of a poor old village dame, or school-mistress. She had a sin to confess; she could not die in peace till she had confessed it. With broken speech, she sobbed, and hesitated, and sobbed again.

"I—I—I—," she stammered out, and hid her face again. "There, I must, I must tell it; and may I be forgiven! You know, sir, I have kept school forty years,—yes, forty years,—a sinful creature,—I—I—I"—

"My good woman," said the priest, "take comfort; it will be pardoned, if you are thus penitent. I hope it is not a very great sin."

"Oh yes!" said she, "and pray call me not *good* woman. I am—not—good;" sobbing, "alas! alas!—there, I will out with it. *I put down that I taught grammar,—and,—I, I, DID NOT KNOW IT MYSELF!*" (with a scream of despair.—) *Blackwood.*

 *All Communications, Newspapers, and Periodicals, for the Editor, should be addressed to Wm. B. Fowle, Boston.*

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